

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 45—VOL. XXI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1809.

NO. 1087.

THE TWO SISTERS;

OR,

THE CAVERN.

Translated from the French of Madame Herbert.

(CONTINUED.)

A short time afterwards Jerom put them on shore; Gabrielle having paid him, they made for the town to buy a lamp and what necessities they wanted, and then proceeded over the bridge of Tours for the stone quarry. On approaching the entrance of the quarry, she became greatly agitated at the thoughts of being alone in such a place; little Augustine trembled with fear and cold; they walked hastily forward, thinking every instant they heard footsteps of persons near at hand; this, however, was nothing more than the echo of their own. Arrived at the earthen doors, Gabrielle lighted her lamp, in order to open them, and see her way. They passed on, but alas! all was silent; no traces of any one having lately been there, were to be found; and, shortly after, all hopes of finding her parents there, entirely vanished; for, on entering the rotunda, they found every thing as they left them; they then visited the adjoining apartment, where they found the Countess's and their own dresses, on the bed, just as they had laid them before their departure for Paris.

"Alas!" exclaimed Gabrielle, quite disheartened at what she saw, "where can my dear mother and father be? Are we then orphans?" continued she, weeping bitterly. Little Augustine threw herself into the arms of her sister, and by caresses and tears calmed the agonies of her mind a little.

"We are now safe," said she, "and God, who has brought us here, can give us our parents again. Do not cry, my dear, you will make yourself ill; and what will Augustine do when you are ill?"

"Oh! yes, my dear Augustine, you are very right; let us thank God, and pray him to protect them, and give us the fortitude and resignation we shall want, if we are obliged to live without them! Let us supplicate him to watch over us, and protect us from harm."

They then prayed, and found themselves greatly eased from their afflictions. Gabrielle then changed her own and her sister's clothes, for the rain having fallen the whole of the preceding night with great violence, they were both in a most piteous plight, and caught a very severe cold, accompanied by a dreadful cough. In taking hold of her dress, which lay near her mother's, the portrait of her father, which the Countess had forgotten, or perhaps left in the cavern on purpose, fell at her feet.—She seized it, and pressed it to her heart with joy not to be described; both kissed it, and seemed highly delighted with it, whilst a soft smile stole over their faces, and the big tears stood thick in their eyes.—Happy age, when we pass with rapidity from extreme affliction to the liveliest joy!

Gabrielle having kindled a fire, prepared a

breakfast, after which they both went to bed, and thought themselves happy in comparison with their situation the preceding nights. A gentle sleep soon overtook them, and they did not awake until the following day, when they found themselves much better, although they still had a little fever. Augustine kept her bed the whole day, by her sister's desire; and after a few days care and attention, they were both perfectly recovered.

Among many other things of value which they found in the cavern, were several time-pieces, which Gabrielle took care to adjust and set going, to the end that her various avocations during the day might be properly regulated, and no time lost by her for want of employment.—She practised daily all the lessons her mother had taught her, and made Augustine do the same, who made a surprising progress in her learning; being attentive to her sister's instructions, whilst Gabrielle exacted nothing from her more than it was her wish to perform, by which means they lived together in the greatest love and unanimity. They usually went to town twice a week, but then they were clad like a couple of peasant's daughters, in coarse russet gowns, and slouching bonnets, so that it was almost impossible to see their faces, which besides, were but little known in the places they frequented. They rose every morning with the sun, said prayers, put their apartments in order, and then walked for an hour or two in the forest to take the air. When they returned from thence they breakfasted, and went to the rotunda, where they amused themselves by times on the harp and piano-forte; studied geography, with drawing, and occasional recreation from these more serious studies, they returned again to their music, with increased pleasure; needle-work filled up the rest of their time, until the hour of dinner, which Gabrielle prepared in a simple manner. After dinner, when the table was cleared, Gabrielle amused herself an hour with her sister, and then they betook themselves to reading, writing, or embroidery, until the decline of the day, when they walked again in the forest, till supper-time, or pleased themselves by reading some little agreeable and instructive histories, until eight o'clock, when Gabrielle said prayers with due devotion, and read a chapter or two from the holy writings: the day being thus divided between their duty to their maker, the improvement of the mind, and the cleanliness and care of their persons, their nights slept away in the calm repose of innocence; for their conscience could not reproach them with the least neglect, whereby to interrupt their slumbers. They never knew what it was to be idle; constraint, fear, and falsehood, were equally strangers to their retreat; but one thing was wanting to complete their happiness, it was the sight of their dear parents, for whose return they continually prayed.

They had been about three months in the cavern; and as they were going one snowy morning to the town, they perceived a poor woman lying in the snow, at a little distance from the stone quarry, apparently senseless with intense cold. The two sisters did all they

could to restore her, but without success. Gabrielle then requested her sister to stop by the poor creature whilst she returned to the cavern, whence she soon came back, with some bread and wine, and a bottle of spirits of salts, which soon restored the poor woman to her senses.—When she began to revive, Gabrielle administered a little wine, which so far recovered her, that heaving a deep sigh, she called out in the greatest agony of mind, "Oh! my dear children—what will become of you?"

"Where are the children?" said Augustine.

"Alas! they are not far off—they are among yon rocks, dying with cold and hunger!"

"Make yourself easy, good woman," said Gabrielle, "trust to us; my sister and I will conduct you home."

The poor woman got up with great difficulty; but assisted by the two sisters, she endeavored to reach her habitation: she told them, weeping, that her husband had died after a long and severe illness, about a month before, and that during his sickness she had been obliged to sell her own and her children's clothes, and the very bed from under them, to support themselves; that she had hired a small farm, consisting of a cottage, with a vineyard and garden, on the summit of these mountains the year before, hoping to be able to pay the rent, until things should come round from a debt which was owing to her husband; but that her debtor lately died insolvent, and the person of whom he had hired the farm, having no other means of subsistence than his rent, pressed her very hard for it, as it was now over-due. "I went this morning," continued she, "about six miles to a lady's, where I lived before I was married; but she is unfortunately arrested and in prison. My children have had scarcely any thing these six days; I was reduced on my return to the painful extremity of asking charity of some persons whom I met in a post-chaise; but in holding out my hands, the horses being spirited, took fright and made off at full speed, and the wheel threw me with such violence to the ground, that I have not risen till you found me in a state of insensibility."

At this melancholy recital, tears of compassion gushed from the eyes of the two sisters, which were greatly increased, when, on entering the unfortunate woman's habitation, they beheld those children upon the ground, naked and almost dying with cold and hunger. Gabrielle instantly divided amongst them what bread and wine she had left; then making a sign to her sister, they both disappeared in an instant, and returned in a little time, with some bread and meat, and whatever provisions they could find.

This was a happy day for the two sisters, for they had the pleasure of drying up the tears of an unfortunate family.

"What is the amount of your debt?" said Gabrielle.

"Thirty crowns for our farm, and ten to the baker, who will no longer serve us with bread,"

"I have only ten crowns by me now," said Gabrielle, presenting them to her; "go and buy some fuel and victuals to comfort your family, and trust in God—he will protect you."

My sister and I thank you kindly, but before we go pray do tell us your name?
 'My name is Margaret Duku, at your service, Miss.'

'Well, Margaret, we shall come again soon to see you in the mean time repose yourself, and make yourself as comfortable and easy as possible; adieu! good Margaret! whereupon they left her with that joy, that unexpressible happiness we always feel, after having done a good action.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DUKE OF MONTAGUE.

THE late Duke of Montague, who resided in St. James's park, frequently observed a middle aged man, in something like a military dress, of which the face was much tarnished, and the cloth worn threadbare; who always appeared at a certain hour in the mall. His countenance was grave and solemn, and he took no notice of the gay crowd that was passing by him.

The Duke singled him out as a fit object for a frolic. He began to exercise his mirth by enquiring into his history; he soon learnt that he was a reduced officer upon half pay; that he had behaved with great bravery in the late war; that he had a wife and seven children, whom he was obliged to send into Yorkshire, where they could live cheap, and that he had received a small pittance of his income to keep himself near the metropolis, where alone he could hope to obtain a more advantageous situation. The Duke took an opportunity, when the captain was sitting alone upon one of the benches, buried in speculation, to send his gentleman to him with compliments and an invitation to dinner the next day. The Duke placed himself at a convenient distance, saw his messenger approach without being perceived, and began to speak without being heard; he saw his intended guest start at the message, and question its authenticity. The captain was at length persuaded of its reality, though very much surprised at its singularity. He returned thanks for the honour intended him, and said he would wait upon his Grace at the time appointed.

He came; the duke received him with great civility, took him aside, and, with an air of secrecy, informed him that he was induced to give him this invitation at the particular request of a lady, who had a most tender regard for him. The captain was confounded, and as if he did not know whether to receive it as an affront or a compliment. The Duke assured him, upon his honour, that he had told him nothing but the strictest truth.

Dinner was announced; the captain entered the room with great curiosity and wonder, which was not diminished, when he saw at the table his own wife and children. The Duke began his frolic by sending for them out of Yorkshire; and as much astonished the poor wife as the husband; and taking care that she should have no opportunity of sending him a letter. This sudden unexpected meeting produced very pleasing effects; it afforded the Duke much satisfaction; but it was with difficulty he got his guests quietly seated at table. Soon after dinner, word was brought that the duke's solicitor attended. He was introduced and took out a deed for the duke to sign. He was asked to read it, and apologized for the company for the interruption. The captain and his wife were still more astonished if possible when they found the writings contained a settlement of £2000 per annum upon them and their family. The instrument was executed and the Duke presented it to the captain, saying, 'Sir, I beg your acceptance of this, I assure you it is the last thing I would have done, could I have laid out my money more to my satisfaction.'

In addition to the other wonderful exploits of the present age, it is said that a man has undertaken, for half a crown a day, and fifty guineas as soon as his labours are finished, to walk backwards as long as he lives!

It is stated in an Edinburgh newspaper, that the young Scotch Clergyman, who undertook to read six chapters of the bible every hour for 1000 successive hours, after proceeding in his arduous task thirteen days and nights, fell into a profound sleep, or trance from which he has never yet awoken, although he still lives!

Lon. Pop.

For the New York Weekly Museum.

ELEGY.

TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY.

WRITTEN IN JULY.

WHILE in repose, the weary sons of toil
 Are hush'd beneath the dusky veil of night;
 And Luna, beaming o'er yon ivied wall,
 Hangs from the clouds her silver lamp of light;

On to the rivulet's brink I penitise stray,
 And sit and muse beside the bubbling stream,
 O'er those short days of bliss, which fleet away,
 Like summer shades, or fancy's airy dream!

Ah me! the perils, that forever wait,
 To stain life's chequer'd scene with misery's tear!
 How of some tender tie we mourn, which fate
 Tears from the heart with every circling year!

Come, melancholy, with thy melting eye,
 Attend with me; with me, in unison weep,
 O'er the new tomb, where worth and goodness lie,
 Where love maternal and fair virtue sleep.

Here shall the village matrons oft repair,
 Whilst 'round the tears of evening soft descend,
 To pour their grief and raise a humble prayer,
 To the great sire of all, and wretched friend.

Past is the pang, that tore thee from our sight,
 And thy fond heart shall throb with pain no more;
 Our only solace now, that sad delight,
 To mourn thy loss, whom time can ne'er restore.

Oh! could affliction change the will of fate,
 To some still grave, would soft-eyed Pity stray,
 And o'er thy unnumbered weeks of life's short date,
 Dissolve in tears, and weep herself away.

But ah! there is a place, where all shall sleep,
 Where death will calm the tumults of the breast;
 There is a time, when we shall cease to weep,
 And lay our aching heads, like time, to rest!

Then in sweet sleep, indulge thy weary eyes,
 Nor dream of mortals in a world of care;
 And o'er thy grave may earliest flowers rise,
 Of fairest hue, and bloom forever there!

MONTGARNIER.

ON THE ABSENCE OF FRIENDS.

As you can the flight of anxious time,
 Remove the image of a friend!
 Can changing place, or various clime,
 The dear delightful contract end?

Can the loved form, the pictured face,
 Engraven on the feeling breast;
 The eye, which memory loves to trace,
 Still beaming with its wonted zeal?

Can these, the absent heart no more,
 With only thrilling sweetness charm?
 Can virtue's venerable love,
 With kindling transport cease to warm?

No! Faithful memory still pours trays
 To the fond bosom's anxious view,
 The vision of departed days,
 In softened shades of tender hue.

Still knit in Friendship's sacred tie,
 Days months and years shall vainly roll,
 They but demand the passing sigh,
 But dare not disunite the soul.

EPGRAM.

You say, without reward or fee,
 Your uncle cured me of a dangerous ill;
 I say he never did prescribe for me,
 The proof is plain: I'm living still.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

MR. HARRISON.

In your last Museum you have given us an extract from Carr's *Stranger in Ireland*, the length of which is to show, that *Bulls* are not the exclusive property of any nation. The Irish have long been celebrated for making *Bulls*, and it is true they make some good ones; but for a number of excellent *Bulls*, which they get the credit of, they are indebted to the inventive faculties of their ingenious English neighbours. Mr. Carr has shown us, that the English make also some on their own account. To his list of *English Bulls* may be added the following, copied from one of their newspapers.

'Sailed from Plymouth this morning, three empty colliers laden with provisions for the army.'

HIBERNICUS.

VARIETY.

From a London Paper.

WOMEN.

Mons. Clement in his first letter to Voltaire, remarks:—'That women in general, prefer a forward, silly, impertinent fellow, to a wise, discreet and sensible man.'—The writer's ideas were formed from observations made upon the fair sex in France, but will apply, in some measure, to those on this side of the Atlantic. Women of this description, however, in our country, are mostly found, as we might expect, amongst those of confined education, and undisciplined taste.

During the intimacy which subsisted some years since, between the celebrated Mr. Pope and the much admired Dutchess of Queensbury, a misunderstanding happened, in which the Poet thought himself injured by her Grace, this gave rise to his writing the following epigram:

Did Celina's person with her sense agree,
 What mortal could behold her, and be free?
 But Nature has in pity to mankind,
 Enriched the image, but defaced the mind.

To which her Grace gave the retort courteous in the following lines:

Had Pope a person equal to his mind,
 How fatal would it be to woman-kind,
 But Nature, who does all things well ordain,
 Deformed the body, but enriched the brain.

AN ANSWER REQUIRED.

A widow, two children, a man and his wife and their two children, four cousins, an uncle, and son and two grand children, slept in two beds—Query, How many persons were there, and in what relationship were they to each other?

'How can you tell me what the man was hanged for the other day?' Said an Irishman to an acquaintance whom he happened to meet. 'Forgive, I believe,' was the answer. 'The devil it was!' returned the Irishman. 'Why Murphy told me it was suicide!'

Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea contributes in its passage, to scour away; it is the putrefaction of stagnant life, and is remedied by exercise and motion.

A disipated young fellow, wishing to quail a poor poet, told him he would give him a job to write his epitaph just to save him from starving, as the booksellers would give him nothing to do, adding, 'You are acquainted with my virtues?' 'I hat's false!' replied the bard; 'I have, however, your epitaph in my pocket, which may as well be read over you now, while speaking, as after your death.'

'Here lies the remains of a rake.'

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 16, 1869.

In consequence of the severe indisposition of the editor who serves the Museum in the East part of the city, many of our subscribers may not receive it this week; those who are neglected are requested to send to the office.

The city inspector reports the death of 42 persons, (of whom 20 were men, 10 women, 6 boys, and 6 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of asthma 1, casualty 1, childbed 1, cold 1, consumption 9, convulsions 3, decay 2, droupy 4, droupy in the head 1, drowned 1, dysentery 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, typhus fever 2, liver 5, inflammation of the bowels 1, inflammation of the lungs 2, old age 4, syphilis 1, and 2 of whooping cough.

With the most painful sensations we announce the death of Mr. Peyton B. Smith, the eldest son of General John Smith of this county, representative in Congress.

In the death of this young gentleman, we have again to deplore the prevalence of a practice, which, by rapid strides has gained uncontrolled ascendancy throughout the whole civilized world.—He fell a victim in a duel with Mr. Joseph Holmes of this place, on Tuesday last, near Shepherdstown, on the Maryland side of the Potomac.

Thus prematurely, has society been bereft of a young man, who gave the strongest indications of future worth and usefulness. He had but just finished his education, and entered on the study of the law, when, in a fatal moment all the pleasing anticipations of his family and friends have been blasted by a premature death! In his exterior, he was elegant and graceful.—In his disposition, amiable—in his deportment, correct and honorable.—It would therefore seem unnecessary to add, that his death is most sincerely regretted by all who knew him, and that a general gloom pervades the circle of his acquaintance.

Wm. Gas.

Melancholy Accident.—On Monday the 23d of October last, Mr. Ira Sweet, being in the house of Mr. George Tuttle, of Winchester, who was his neighbor and intimate friend, took a musket into his hand, which was in the room, and having sat down in a chair, laid the musket across his knees, he then opened the pan, as he says, and seeing no powder therein, imprudently cocked and snapped the piece, which discharged its contents (being loaded with common shot) thro' the neck and lower part of the head of a sprightly boy, three years and five months old, the son of Mr. Tuttle, and who sat within a few feet of the muzzle.—An instant period was put to his life.

On the recital of such shocking occurrences, it is the duty of all people to consider the consequences of the common herdless use of firearms. View the scene which took place in the above case, and a similar to the too frequent cases of like nature.—There were several persons in the house; the mother in an adjoining room, hearing the tremendous roar of a gun in the midst of her family, succeeded by the shrieks of those present, exclaimed, "somebody is killed, who is it?" She was answered in a frantic tone, "It is your son." She was met in a cloud of smoke by the agent, with the lifeless boy in his arms, his head hanging down with large streams of blood pouring therefrom. The parental agonies in such cases, will admit of no description or consolation.

The actor of this tragic scene, though as free as any man from any evil design, cannot acquit himself from gross imprudence, and must feel agonies, perhaps equally keen with parental, though of another kind, and which may not forsake him until his dying day. The relations, neighbours, and intimate connections of the bereaved, must feel the most poignant grief, and the community at large must sympathize therein, and regret the loss on such occasions. And as fire arms, those instruments of death, are promiscuously in the hands of children, and men, of the imprudent as well as the prudent, the intemperate as well as others; whoever, after such repeated warnings, presumes to use them in a heedless manner, so as to endanger or take the life of man, would do well to remember that they must be accountable to God the judge of all, and who will suitably punish such outrageous conduct.

EXTRAORDINARY ROBBERY.

Bow-Street.—Two persons, calling themselves Joseph Hitch and Maria Hitch were examined before J. Read, Esq. on a charge of stealing a quantity of feathers out of the beds at different hotels, where they went to sleep, and which they effected in the following way:—The prisoners who are persons of respectable appearance used to go to the houses in the evening, the man carrying a small trunk and desiring to have a bed; stating that they were just come to town, but always expressing a wish to have a large one and each time they went to the same house, making some excuse to have a different bed.—On Friday night last, they slept at George's Coffee-House, Coventry-street, were put into a very large bed, which the servant, on making the next morning, found half empty, whereupon she communicated her suspicions to her master, and recollecting that the prisoners had been there four or five times before, they examined the other beds and found a very considerable deficiency of feathers. On Saturday night Pearks, one of the Bow-street officers, traced the prisoners to the Bath-Hotel, the corner of Arlington-street, Piccadilly, where he let them rest quietly till Sunday, and when the man came down stairs, with his trunk in his hand, took him into custody and on searching the trunk, found therein two pillow cases crammed full of feathers, and which appeared to have been taken out of the bed in which they had slept.—In the trunk was also some wet rags, used to wipe up the feathers that might scatter in the operation of taking them out of the bed; and on the person of the woman was found a needle and thread, for the purpose of sewing up the incision made in the seam of the bed ticks; and an neat and clean had they been in their proceedings, that nothing but the lightness of the beds, after they had been sleeping in them, could have led to a discovery of their depredations.

Pearks learning that the prisoners had already furnished lodging in Silver-street, Golden square, went there, and found a considerable quantity of feathers concealed in a shirt the sleeves and collar of which were tied up to form a bag, and several samples of feathers. The Landlord of the house examining his bed, bolsters, and pillow, discovered that the principal part of the feathers had been taken out since the prisoners had lodged there, and that two silver spoons were also missing. The pawnbroker's duplicates of two silver spoons were found on the prisoners, which proved to be the same as stolen. The prisoners were therefore committed to take their trial for this offence, and for stealing the feathers from the Bath-Hotel.

London paper.

COURT OF HYMEN.

SURET are the moments of the wedding hour,
And sweet the vows which mutual loves impart:
Yet more delicious far, when Hymen's power,
From two, forms one inseparable heart.

MARRIED.

On Monday morning, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Lieut. Robert Sterry, of the United States Army, to Miss Louise-Ann Arden, eldest daughter of James Arden, Esq. of this city.

On Tuesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker, Mr. Ruloff Howard, of Flatbush, to Miss Eliza Higgins, of South Amboy, N. J.

On Tuesday the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hos. Mr. Isaac Lawrence, to Miss Maria Nichols, of this city.

On Thursday last by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Francis Sexton, merchant, to Miss Sarah M. Ross

At Marietta, Ohio, Mr. Elizabeth Francis, of Mississippi Territory, to Miss Betsey Lord, eldest daughter of Col. Lord.

MORTALITY.

THUS the stars too shall fade, and the planets decay,
Old Time but his passions shall know!
The heaves themselves shall like dew melt away,
And the floods shall their banks overflow.

DIED.

On Thursday the 7th inst. after a lingering illness, Mr. Abraham Ludlow, son of Cary Ludlow, Esq. of this place, in the 38th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. suddenly, Mr. John Mosher, aged about 32 years, a native of Bristol, R. I.

At Kingston, Jamaica, on the 21st of September, Mr. Richard Brown, saddler, aged 23 years, formerly of this city.

BOARDING.

A Lady in the village of Newark, that teaches a School, would be glad to obtain two or three children to board with her, by the year. She would prefer those under nine years of age, and all of one family, if they could be obtained; but will take them otherwise. Any persons who wish their children to go from home, would be pleased with this situation, as the lady is alone, and will have leisure to attend to the children committed to her care, particularly to their manners and morals.—Terms may be known by applying at No. 141, William-Street.

November 18

1033—1m

MRS. HADLEY

Is removed from No 140 Broadway, to No. 12 Court-street, where she carries on the Millinery Business in all its Branches. She has for sale a variety of Fancy Millinery, of the Newest Fashions, which she will sell on very reasonable terms.

She makes up Ladies own materials

October 14

1078—1f

MRS. PECKENNY.

CONFECTIONER.

No 79 William, corner of Liberty-street, begs leave to return her most grateful and unfeigned thanks to her friends and a generous public for the encouragement they have so liberally bestowed on her since she has commenced the above line of business. She flatters herself, from her strict attention, care, and punctuality, as well as her assiduity in endeavoring to please, that she will be enabled to give satisfaction to such Ladies and Gentlemen as will honour her with their commands. She has at present on hand a general assortment of Confectionary, wholesale and retail, which she means to dispose of on the lowest terms.—Also, Tea Cakes of every description, Plum do, Iced and Ornamented, Jellies, Blancs Manger, Pyramids, &c. at the shortest notice. Hoarhound Candy, for colds, made in a genuine manner.

Nov 18

1084—1f

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

Four or five Young Ladies for Mantua-making, quire at No 89 Pearl street

Nov 18

1085—1f

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Put to the door—the school's begun,
Stand to your places, every one:
Attend—

Read in the Bible, tell the place,
"Job twenty-six, and the seventeenth verse"
Caleb begin—*And he shall—such—*
Sir, Moses got a pin and crutch
Silence—*—top Caleb—Moses! here!*
What's this complaint? *I did it, Sir,*
Hold up your hand—*What isn't a pin!*
O, wear, I would do so again
Read on—*The increase of his h-h-horse*
Hold: *H. O. U. S. G.*, open home.
Sir, what's this word? for I can't tell it.
Can't you indeed—*Why, spell it, Sir!*
Begin yourself, I say, *Who, I?*
Yes, try. Sure you can spell it. Try.
Go take your seats and primers, go,
You shan't abuse the bible so.

Will pray Sir Master read my pen?
Say Master, that's enough—*Here Ben,*
Is this your copy? Can't you tell?
Set all your letters parallel.
I've done my best—'tis just a great,
Let's see it. *Master, w-g' out?*
Yes—bring some wood in—*What's that noise?*
Isn't I Sir, it's them boys
Come Bible read—*What's that? That's A:*
Sir, Tom has snatched my rule away!
Return it James. Here rule, with this.
Bible read on—*I have created S.*
Read in the spelling book—*Begin.*
The boys are out—Then call them in!
My nose bleeds, maybe! I get a new ice,
And hold it in my breeches! Yes.
John keep your seat. *My arm is more.*
Then dot again—*Divide by four,*
By twelve and twenty—*mind the rule!*
Now speak, Manassah, and spell too!
I can't—Well try—T. W. L.
Not washed your hands yet, Bobby, ha!
You had your orders yesterday.
Give me the ferula, hold your hand.
Oh! Oh! There—mind my next command.

The grammar read. Tell where the place is.
Canada like K in cat and case.
My book is torn. The next, "Hercules"
E final makes it long, say note.
What are the stops and marks, Squannah?
Small points, Sir, and how many Marks!
Four, Sir. How many, George. You look!
Here a more than fifty in my book
How's this? *Just come Sam! Why I've been—*
Who knocks? *I don't know Sir. Come up.*
Your most obedient, Sir—*And yours,*
Sit down Sir, Sam, put in the dices.
What do you bring to tell that's new?
Nothing that's either strange or true;
What a prodigious school! I'm sure
You've got a hundred here or more.
A word, Sir, if you please. I will
You girls, till I come in, be still.

'Come, we can dance to night; so you
Dismiss your brain distracting crew,
And come for all the girls are there—
We'll have a fiddle and a player.
Well mind and have the sleigh-bells sent,
I'll soon dismiss my regiment
Silence! the second class must read.
As quick as possible—proceed.
Not found your book yet? stand, be fixed,
The next read, say, the next, the next.
You need not read again, 'tis well.
Come Tom and Dick, choose side to spell.
Will this word do? Yes, Tom, spell dunce.
Sit still there all you little ones.
I've got a word, name it. *Gizzard.*
You spell it Sampson. *G. I. Z.*
Spell conscience, Jack. *K. O. N.*
S. H. U. N. T. Z. Well done!
Put out the next word—*mine is Folks,*
Tim, spell it. *P. H. O. U. X.*
Oh, shocking! Have you all tried? No.
Say Master, but no matter, go—
Lay on your books, and you Josiah,
Help Jed to make the morning fire.



RULEFF CONVER,

(Late Foreman to Mr. Reuben Russ.)

Respectfully informs the Ladies of this city, and his friends in general, that he has taken the convenience at the blue window, No. 129, Broadway, directly opposite the City Hotel, where he intends to carry on the LADIES'S SHOE MAKING in all its various branches, in the neatest and most fashionable manner. The public may depend upon the strictest attention being paid to their commands. The subscriber's long and unremitted attention to the above business for upwards of eight years in the first rate shops in this city, he hopes will entitle him to a share of the public patronage.

R. C. intends to keep none but the very best materials and workmen, which will enable him, by known ability and strict attention, to give general satisfaction. Ladies, by sending their messages, shall be personally attended to at their respective places of abode, and their orders thankfully received and executed with the strictest attention, being determined to spare no pains or exertions to merit the favours of a generous public.

September 21

1075-1f

BILIOUS CORDIAL.

A FRESH SUPPLY, JUST RECEIVED,

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

In bottles of Four or Six Shillings each.

An immediate, safe and effectual remedy in the most inveterate cases of BILIOUS CHOLIC, and is particularly proper in all complaints proceeding from a redundancy of Bile. It may be used to great advantage in Complaints of the Bowels generally, and is as agreeable as efficacious.

A supply of the above cordial is just received from the proprietor (a resident of New Jersey), who having witnessed the happy effects resulting from its use for several years past, considers it a duty highly incumbent to place it more in the way of his fellow creatures.

Numerous affidavits (and those the most respectable) might be produced of its utility and effects, but these auxiliaries are too often abused in recommending trash as specific in every complaint.

A trial of the Bilious cordial will in itself be its best recommendation.

August 19.

ALMANACKS,

For 1810.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

By the Grocer, Druggist, or Single one.

S. DAWSON'S,

WARRANTED DURABLE INK,
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN.
FOR SALE,

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3 Peck-Shop and at the Proprietors 48 Frankfurt-street.
Oct 21

JUST RECEIVED,

THE EXILE OF ERIN,

A NEW NOVEL

BY MISS GUNNING.

ALSO
THE COMMUNICANT'S COMPANION;
OR,
INSTRUCTIONS AND HELP

FOR THE RIGHT RECEIVING OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

RAGS WANTED.

SUITS FOR SURGEONS' USE.
AN EXTRA PRICE WILL BE GIVEN.
INQUIRE AT THIS OFFICE.

CISTERS

Made and put in the ground complete warrant.
Oct 21 by C. ALFORD,
No 15, Catharine street, near the Watchhouse

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE, BY

N SMITH—CHEMICAL PERFUMER

FROM LONDON,

At the sign of the London Rose,

NO 116 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of London-named Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash is far superior to any other for softening, cleansing and preserving the skin from chapping, and is an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each.

Gentlemen Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Oudours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Smith's improved Chemical Salt of Roses most famous for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with pointed directions, 3s 4s 6s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted.

Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d. Smith's Sarynette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4s and 8s per pot de paste.

Smith's Cymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

Smith's superfine Hair Powder. Almost powder for the skin, 8s per lb.

Smith's Circassian or Antique Oil for curling, shining and thickening the hair, and preventing it from falling grey or brittle.

His improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums is per pot or lb. Dotted 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box.

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chemical principles to help the operation of shaving is 1s and 1s 6d.

Smith's elaborated Corn Plaster 3s per box. Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne.

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold.

* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pincettes, Scissors, Toilet-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

ECONOMICAL AND CONVENIENT

CHAMBER-LIGHT.

By means of a Floating Wax Taper which will burn Ten Hours,

and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, and give a good and sufficient light. They require no particular lamp, but may be burnt in a wine glass, tumbler, or any similar vessel. Persons who are in the habit of being called up at night, and others requiring of wishing a light during the night (particularly at sick), will find these Tapers exceedingly cheap and convenient. They are recommended to Publicans to light Segars with during the day.

They are sold at C. Harrison's Book-Store, in boxes containing 20 tapers, at 50 cents per box.

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.

PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE

ON MODERATE TERMS.

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON

NO. 3 FIFTY-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE